SORROVVES LENITIVE.

Written
Vpon occaſion of the Death of that hopefull and Noble young Gentleman, *John* Lord *Harrington*, *Barron* of *Exton*, &c. Who died the 27. of *Febr.* 1613.

By ABRAHAM IACKSON.

OVID. 4. de Ponto.
Temporis officium ſolatia dicere certi eſt,
Dum dolor in curſu, dum petit æger opem.

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BIBLIOTHECA·BODL

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE AND VERTVOVS LADIES, THE Lady LVCY, Counteſſe of *Bedford*, and the Lady ANNE HARRINGTON, &c.

Right Honourable:



Our fauourable acceptance of my poore endeauours, in an Office of the like nature, hath animated mee againe to put Pen to paper, with a purpoſe to lenifie that bitter pill of Paſſion (which naturall affection hath once more cauſed you to ſwallow) with the ſweet iulip of Conſolation. And for as much as Phiſitians cannot well apply their Cor-

dialls to the ſicke, till they know the ſyntomes of the diſeaſe; I haue (in a feeling ſympathie of your griefe) aymed at your Complaints, and haue written them according to my conceipt, not doubting, but (if I had beene Secretarie to your afflicted thoughts) I ſhould haue made them appeare more like themſelues.

Next (as method in that caſe required) I haue ſet downe ſuch meditations of Comfort, as I thought beſt ſuting to your viſitation. Beſeeching you to vouchſafe them as gracious a cenſure, as an humble and deuoted heart may be thought worthy to be allowed, that reſts, and euer will remaine

Your Honours, ready in all
humility to doe you ſeruice,

ABRAHAM IACKSON.

SORROVVES *LENITIVE.*

WHen awlesse *Death*, with poyson-pointed dart
Had pierc't Fames fauourite, yong *Harrington*,
That plant of Honour, through his gen'rous hart;
Two mournfull Ladies, in affection one,
(His wofull Mother, and his Sister deere)
From troubled thoughts, shed torrents christall (cleere.

 And

Sorrowes lenitiue.

And as a day-long-labouring Husband-man,
That with heart-fatting ioy doth feaſt his eyes,
To ſee his full-ear'd Corne (with *Zephyr's* Fanne)
Blowne on to ripeneſſe; if a ſtorme ariſe, (graine,
That with ſterne blaſts deſtroyes the forward
Sits downe and wailes the loſſe of his long paine.

Or as a Merchant, ſtanding on the ſhore,
His long abſented Ship doth new behold,
Entring the Hauens mouth, full fraught with ſtore
Of Orient pearle, and pureſt *Indian* gold;
If in his ſight the veſſell ſuffer wracke,
Straines out with cryes, till heart with ſorrow (cracke.

So

So did the wofull Lady *Harrington*;
When ſhe was reft of him, that was her ioy,
Her loue, her life, her deere, and onely Sonne,
Her eaſe in Mourning, comfort in annoy,
Her greateſt ſolace in her moſt diſtreſſe,
Her curing Cordiall in heauineſſe.

So gracefull *Lucy*, *Bedfords* worthy Wife,
When brute, too true, had to her eares related
The ſodaine wracke of that beloued life,
Whom diſmall Fate vntimely ſo had dated,
Did caſt her ſelfe into the armes of moane,
And to her ſelfe rip'd vp her griefes alone.

And if a Poet may be bold to write,
How he conceiues such passions were conceiu'd;
Then thus the griev'd Lady Mother might,
(With sighes) bewaile her hopefull ioy bereau'd.
These broken accents, (Eccho's of her groanes)
Might be the mournfull method of her moanes.

O thou my dearest deare, and louing Childe;
Best part of me, derriued from my wombe:
The sole *Idea* of thy Father milde,
My staffe of age to guide me to my Tombe!
Art thou extinct? hath life forsaken thee?
Hast thou relinquish'd all the world and me?

Sorrowes lenitiue.

Wert thou not young, in prime of flowring life?
Were not thy paſſions ſway'd with temperance?
Were not thy humors in perfection rife?
Wert thou not pious in perſeuerance?
How haps it then, that thou wert rap't in haſt,
When but the world began thy worth to taſt?

O art thou gone, and am I left behinde?
Shall neuer more mine eyes behold thee heere?
Muſt griefe ore-flowe the meaſure of my minde,
vvhil'ſt houres cõpleat the daies, or daies the yeere?
What ſight can pleaſe without the ſight of thee,
Whoſe life, was life, whoſe death is death to me?

Sorrowes lenitiue.

O had I all forgone what ſo is mine,
Within the compaſſe of this maſſie round;
Except that part of me that is diuine,
Wherein th' *Idea* of my God is found;
So that I had ſweet Sonne enioyed thee,
Who being parted, parts all ioy from mee.

O cruell *Parcæ* now I ſee tis ſo,
Ye are call'd *Parcæ*, not becauſe ye ſpare
The liues of ſuch, as worſt we may forgoe:
But on the contrary, ye *Parcæ* are:
Becauſe ye plucke the buds with partiall hand,
And let the riper fruits vngathered ſtand.

Tis

Sorrowes lenitiue.

Tis ſaid that *Niobe* was turn'd to ſtone,
For wailing too too much her childrens death.
Be't ſo or no; I haue more cauſe to moane,
Whil'ſt ſoule and body are conioyn'd with breath,
For her griefe ended, with her ended ioy:
But mine ſtill liues, to lengthen lifes annoy.

Anticlia hearing but a falſe report
Of her *Vliſſes* death, that (with more Knights)
Did to the ſiege of tow'r-built *Troy* reſort,
To quell the pride of *Greece*-abuſing ſprights;
Renounc'd all ioy, turn'd ſolace into moane:
Becauſe ſhe did but thinke her Sonne was gone.

Oh

Sorrowes lenitiue.

Oh what ſhall I doe? how ſhall I containe
My ſelfe in ſorrow, that too well doe know
The loſſe of him, that was my eaſe in paine,
My greateſt comfort, in griefes ouer-flowe?
How ſhall I keepe from breaking to extreames,
That haue my heart ſo fraught with ſorrowes (theames?

Let *Niobe* ſay what ſhe can deuiſe
To aggrauate her ſelfe-confounding moane,
And let *Auctolia* hers apologize.
Yet *Niobe* became a ſenceleſſe ſtone:
And *Auctole* wayl'd a miſconceaued feare:
But true effects of griefe my heart doth weare.

As

Sorrowes lenitiue.

As would appeare could I *Dole's* language ſpeake.
But Sorrow tyes the tongues of grieued weights.
So that they muſt in mid-diſcourſes breake,
And keepe the worſt behind to vexe their ſprights.
Sith this is Mourners caſe; then thus in briefe,
I grieue becauſe I cannot tell my griefe.

Thus might a Poet ſhadow what ſhe ſaid;
Though what ſhe ſaid indeed her ſelfe beſt knowes:
As ſaying moſt when ſhe was moſt diſmay'd,
In priuate ſort commenting on her woes.
Next then we may imagine, as before,
The noble *Counteſſe*, how ſhe did deplore.

And

Sorrowes lenitiue.

And if you can conceiue *Polixen's* woe,
When her deare brother *Troilus* was ſlaine,
By force of fierce *Achilles* fatall blowe:
Or how that royall PRINCES did complaine,
For *Brittains* hope, renowned HENRIES death:
So might you think did *Bedford* ſpend her breath.

For thus, me ſeemes, her thought-bewraying tong
Vtters the paſſions of her griefe-ſeaz'd heart,
That doe in heapes vpon each other throng
As though they would her ſoule and body part.
O deareſt brother, ſoule-vnited friend!
What timeleſſe hap wrought thy vntimely end?

Time

Sorrowes lenitiue.

Time turnes the Heauens in a certaine courſe;
The Starres doe keepe their conſtant motions:
Order directs the rowling Oceans ſource:
Sence-wanting creatures keepe their ſtations:
Mans fickle ſtate giues onely cauſe of ſorrow,
That knowes his eue, but doth not know his mor-
(row.

Had I a Sonne to loſe (as I haue none)
I thinke his loſſe could not more grieue my hart;
Then thus to be left brotherleſſe alone.
Who hath like wound, & doth not feele like ſmart?
To looſe a Sonne, yet might I haue another:
But hopeleſſe am I left of any Brother.

Sorrowes lenitiue.

For looke how th'Elme and Vine doe ſympathize:
Or Wood-bind with the Haw-thorne doth agree:
Looke how the Ivy with the Oake doth riſe:
Or how the Steele and Load-ſtone natur'd be:
So did we loue, ſo were our hearts affected:
What one did fancie, tother ſtill reſpected.

But Death, the Author of Confuſion,
That doth vndoe Loues hardeſt tyed knot,
Breaking the bonds of ſacred Vnion,
Caſting on blooming Youth, old Ages lot,
Came with his woolly feete, but iron fiſt,
And drew this Impe of Honour to his liſt.

Sorrowes lenitiue.

O world! no world; but Deaths *Meandry* maze;
O maze! no maze: but to-end-posting life;
O life! no life: but Bauen-kindled blaze;
O blaze! no blaze: but end of humors strife.
O moment strife, blaze-flashing, maze of death,
Whose end tends to the end of humane breath.

Swift is the Shittle in the Weauers Loome;
Hasty the rayn-bred torrents rise and fall;
Fading the May-day flower, the Summers bloome;
Vncertaine the rebound of Tennice ball;
Nay, name I all the moment Types I can,
Yet none so fickle as the life of man.

Sorrowes lenitiue.

Deuide an howre in equall-ſpaced quarters;
Each quarter in his Minutes; Minutes againe
In Seconds: then let skilfull'ſt number parters
Their Arithmeticall choiſe Maxims ſtraine
To part thoſe Seconds, in their ſingle prime;
And that's mans meaſure in the clock of Time.

All this is character'd in him, who was,
Who was (O fatall word!) the Character
Of Knightly Honour, Courtiers looking-glaſſe,
Map of perfection, Vertues regiſter:
But now is gone; yet left his name behinde
For me, to treaſure vp in grieued minde.

Which

Which I will doe, (with true deuotion)
Whil'ſt my world-wearied ſoule liues in my fleſh,
And in my mirth, the name of *Harrington*
Shall make griefes briniſh fountaine ſpring a freſh,
And if my teares doe ſtint, or tongue doe faile;
Know *Sorrow* wants both teares, and tongue to (waile.

As I was writing this conceiued moane;
Mine eyes did let fall drops into mine Inke,
Moyſting againe its drineſſe: whereupon
My ſympathizing Muſe gan thus to thinke.
I muſt not leaue theſe Ladies in this plight:
For Inke made liquid bids me more to write.

And as an Art-inſtructed Surgeon,
(That hath ſearch't all the corners of a wound)
Doth not ſo leaue his Patient but vpon
The gaſh, layes healing Salues to make him ſound:
So muſt I now (that haue ſo launc't your griefe)
Apply ſome *Cataplaſme* for reliefe.

Your loſſe was great, great Ladies I confeſſe;
And ſuch as paſſion cannot but condole.
Nay, *Piety* her ſelfe could doe no leſſe:
As is recorded in Gods ſacred roll.
For the beleeuers Grandſire did bewaile
His deareſt *Sara*, when her life did faile.

So

Sorrowes lenitiue.

So holy *Ioſeph*, that *Bellerophon*,
Wept when his aged Father *Iacob* died:
So did the kingly *Prophet* for his Sonne;
The *Iſraelites* for *Moſes* alſo cried,
And that which moſt in mourning makes for vs
Our bleſſed *Sauiour* wept for *Lazarus*.

But yet that heathen howling out of meaſure
Suites not with thoſe, for whō *Chriſt* ſhed his blood.
For ſuch repining drawes on *Gods* diſpleaſure,
Tis but a ſhadow of a ſeeming good. (Deſpaire,
A Hell-hatched off-ſpring of blacke-mouth'd
That doth Gods image in the ſoule impaire.

Sorrowes lenitiue.

O Ladies therefore calme your Paſſion:
Make not your Noble harts Griefes chaire of State.
Let it be pious *Comforts* ſtation,
Your heart-tormenting care to mitigate.
For *Comfort* is the *Cataplaſme* alone,
That cureth care, ſalues ſores, relieueth moane.

Thinke but how *Iacob* (after wearineſſe)
Was by the dreame-ſeene Angels ſolaced:
Or how that *Proto-martyr*, in diſtreſſe,
Was ioyed to ſee Heauens windowes opened.
Such will your ſolace be, and ſuch your ioy,
If you encline to *Comfort* in annoy.

Comfort

Sorrowes lenitiue.

Comfort, the ſtay of ſadded Chriſtians ſoule,
Comfort, the health of griefe-decayed health,
Comfort, the power of Reaſon to controule
Sterne paſſion, that would get the heart by ſtealth,
Will be to you, ſoule, health, and powre, & eaſe,
Your ſadneſſe, ſickneſſe, weakeneſſe to appeaſe.

And as the precious *Opall* doth containe
The beaming brightneſſe of the *Diamond*,
The azure luſter of the *Saphirs* vaine,
The *Emerauld* in verdure goes beyond:
So *Comfort* doth th'effects of peace embrace,
And yeelds the fruits of mercy and of grace.

But this is but as twere an outward ſhale
To th'taſt-enſweetning Kernell that's within,
The touching of the foote of *Iacobs* ſcale,
Before we clime by it the heauens to win,
The gentle ſpreading of the healing Plaiſter,
To make it when tis on to ſtick the faſter.

We therefore muſt apply this ſoueraigne Balme,
This heauen on earth, this hold from Deſperation,
This ioy in life, this tempeſt-laying calme,
This hope in Death, this ſtaffe of preſeruation,
Home to your hearts, to make you feele againe
The ioy you had, before you had this paine.

Had

Sorrowes lenitiue.

Had you a Sonne? Had you a louing Brother?
Had you a Comfort? You what you held deere?
Had you no more? Nor had you any other?
And is he reft away, to both ſo neere?
Yet waigh but both your happineſſe in his;
And tell me then if you be void of bliſſe?

He was your Sonne: but now he is a Saint.
He was your Brother: now an Angels Mate.
He was your Comfort: now no cauſe of plaint.
He was your deere; but now in better ſtate.
You had no more, make that your cauſe of woe,
Becauſe you had no more, ſo to beſtowe.

Tis

Sorrowes lenitiue.

Tis true his body was of perfect mould,
And such as might haue giuen his soule content,
For one whole age a Mansion there to hold,
Where euery part did homage to her bent:
Reason fate Regent, and the will obayed,
All Passions by these two, were mildely swayed.

Tis true, he was a modell of perfection,
Furnisht with rarest gifts of Natures store,
Endowed with sanctity, the soules refection.
Was what his yeeres could yeeld, and somewhat more.
For in his prime of youthly iolity,
He was repleat with graue morality.

His

His auncient birth might be (as oft it is)
The foſter-Nurſe of ſelfe-vp-puffing pride:
But his faire thoughts ſoar'd higher farre then this,
And ſuch vaine-glorious humours he defi'd.
With thriftleſſe Prodigalls he did not ſort,
True Bounties meaſure did his ſtate ſupport.

So that a man might thinke he had beene ſent
As a choiſe Iewell from Gods treaſury,
T'adorne the world, and not as though God meant
To ſhew him vs, and forthwith preſently
To take him from vs, in his deepe diſpleaſure,
Seeing vs ſo vnworthy ſuch a treaſure.

Sorrowes lenitiue.

But Ladies, this is not your caſe alone.
Twas *Iuda's* caſe, when their *Ioſiah* fell:
Twas *Englands* caſe their *Edward* being gone.
Twas *Brittains* caſe, when HENRY bid farewell.
HENRY a Maſter-piece of Natures mould,
The young mans hope, the refuge of the old.

HENRY, that was your Sons, your Brothers Lord:
HENRY, whom he in vertue imitated:
HENRY, by whoſe example he was ſtor'd
With noble-minded thoughts, to heauen elated:
HENRY, that lou'd him, & well knew his merit,
His faith, his conſtancie, and noble ſpirit.

HENRY,

Sorrowes lenitiue.

HENRY, to whom his heart was ſo affected,
That if he might haue ranſom'd him from Death,
He would (with dreadleſſe loyall zeale directed)
Haue ſpent his deereſt life-maintaining breath.
But *Adams* heires, each one ingaged ſtand,
To pay this forfeiture of Natures band.

Sith this is that which euery man can tell:
As being compos'd of brickle walls of mud:
And that your caſe doth want no paralell,
As we haue inſtanc't in the Royall bloud;
Then let this meditation ſtill your crye;
That he that now is dead, was borne to dye.

You

Sorrowes lenitiue.

You begge of God (in daily Orizons)
That his all-guiding will be done in earth,
As well as in th'heauenly Manſions,
Where bleſſed ſoules doe liue in dateleſſe mirth.
Tis graunted what you aske, his will is done:
For twas his will to take to him your Sonne.

Thinke how that Mother-virgin, holy, pure,
That bleſſed *Phœnix* of all woman-hood,
Did with faith-armed patience endure
To ſee the ſpilling of her *Saniours* blood;
To ſee his precious ſide ſtreame blood & water,
That was her Sonne, her Brother, and Creator.

That

That was that Lambe of God, in whom was found
No ſpot of ſinne, whom no default could touch.
This might with dole her humane heart confound:
But that ſhe knew Gods prouidence was ſuch.
Againſt the which we ought not to repine.
True Chriſtian will bends to the will diuine.

How willingly did *Abraham* obey
That dire commaund, when he was ready preſt
With his owne hands his onely Sonne to ſlay?
His Faith taught him that all was for the beſt
That God appoints, though we cannot conceiue,
The ſearchleſſe depth, from whence we good re-
(ceiue.
What

Sorrowes lenitiue.

What was your Sonne? and doe but rightly ſcan;
Was he more deere and precious vnto you
Then *Abra'ms* Son, or elſe the SON OF MAN?
Muſt you be priuiledg'd when Death is due
By Gods award? Let not your faith be cold
In him that can returne Sonnes thouſand fold.

The little Sparrow fall's not to the ground,
Without Gods fore-decreeing prouidence;
And ſhall we thinke that man (in whom is found
The ſubſtance of the Creators quinteſſence)
Can be depriu'd of life if he doe nill,
Whoſe ſupreame powre drawes goodnes out of (ill?
He

He left you and the world you say too soone.
Passion saith this: nay, Reason saith so too.
But how? with this fore-thought distinction,
Not for himselfe too soone, too soone for you.
For you: because your earthly joy's bereaven.
Not for himselfe: who joy enioyes in heaven.

What can you tell God hath for you ordain'd?
Or to what end your dayes he hath design'd?
Must his eterne decree be so restrain'd,
As that it should be fitted to your minde?
Little know we what comfort may abound,
When with Despaire Sathan would vs confound.

Sorrowes lenitiue.

When was your Patience euer tri'd before
By any vncouth wracke of humane chance?
God hath you blest with Honours, wealth, & store,
And on you many blessings did aduance.
Because your friends first die, is this a wrong?
All sorts see that, chiefe those, whose liues are (long.

Would you (as earth-bred mortalls all desire,
That solace in this vale of misery)
Wish that you might, to what you would aspire
And not beawed by the Deity!
Then you depriue your selfe of that sweet boast
Whom God most loues, those he doth chastice (most.
This

Sorrowes lenitiue.

This fickle life is but a ſwift-runne race:
A doubtfull-ending combat ſtrugling ſtill:
Vpon the troubled Seas, a Sailers caſe:
A Captiues lot, fetter'd againſt his will:
A toyleſome labour, full of ſweating paine:
A iourney peſtered with winde and raine.

O happy he, that firſt doth gaine the price:
Happy, that ſooneſt doth the conqueſt winne:
Happy, that findes the Port ere ſtormes ariſe:
Happy, quicke ſhaking off the chaines of ſinne:
Happy, the labourer at the cloſe of day:
Happy, the trauailer, that ends his way.

Sorrowes lenitiue.

If these be happy, happy then is he,
That hath so soone runne out his irksome race,
Obtain'd the conquest, got the Port, is free,
Ended his worke, come home in happy case:
If he be happy: you are happy too,
That he was yours, although not now with you.

His life was seasoned with the thoughts of Death.
Witnesse his sanctimonious purity,
Witnesse his words spoke with his latest breath,
To you his woefull Mother sitting by.
Lord I am to come, to thee my soule I giue,
Thou dy'dst for me, that I with thee might liue.

If

To him therefore, that thus had fixt his minde,
Death was the greateſt Comfort that could be,
The inſtrumentall meanes that he could finde,
Out of his bodies Goale to be ſet free:
As being the key t'vnlocke the priſon dore,
That was by youthfull ſtrength kept faſt before.

And as ſome Knight, edg'd with the thoughts of
Hauing with pow'rfull Enſignes conquered (glory,
Some ſpatious, waſt vnfertile territory,
Hath yet a fairer Land diſcouered:
But knowes not how it's faire ſhoares to recouer,
Vnleſſe he had ſome meanes to paſſe him ouer.

So this young Lord, this worthy Christian Knight,
Armed according to Saint *Pauls* direction,
Hauing subdu'd that damned subtill spright,
And brought the world and flesh to his subiection;
He did, with *Moses*, on mount *Nebo* stand,
And ken'd the heauenly *Canaans* promis'd Land.

But knew not how that *Eden* Land to gaine,
Vnlesse Death gaue him wastage to the shoare,
VVilling to vndergoe what so euer paine,
VVere it to hale the Ropes, or tugge the Oare.
Death therefore graunted what he did desire,
Taking nought but his earthes part for her hire.

VVhat

Sorrowes lenitiue.

VVhat ſhall I ſay? Death was to him no more,
But a griefe-ending ſweet Cataſtrophe:
A paſſage from this worlds *Ægiptian* ſhore:
To *Canaan* aboue through the red Sea:
A Sunne to melt his liues congealed Froſt:
A landing of his Ship in tempeſt toſt.

As was the glorious *Angell* that conuay'd
The bleſſed *Peter* from the loathſome darke:
As was mount *Ararat*, on whoſe top ſtay'd
The righteous *Noah's* deluge-waſhed *Arke*:
Laſtly, Death was to him, but as a Page,
That lights a Taper to an vpper Stage.

All which in time it will be vntó vs,
If we doe act our parts as he did his.
For then, when Conſcience ſhall our deeds diſcuſſe,
She will aſſure vs of eternall bliſſe.
As him ſhe did, whoſe faith had apprehended,
The ioyes of heauē, before earths date was ended.

His

Sorrowes lenitiue.

His ſoule brook't no delayes from heauens delight,
Loathing to be ſinne-ſoyl'd with this groſſe ayre,
But ſweetly offer'd vp his virgin ſpright
To her great Maker, chaſt, and ſpotleſſe faire;
Where he doth ioy: for whom we ſo do mourne,
Wiſhing vs there, and not his owne returne.

Thrice bleſt immortall ſoule reſt then in bliſſe,
Enioy thoſe ioyes, for which thou wer't prepar'd:
VVe know our fault, and Loue leades vs amiſſe,
To grudge that thou with Angels bliſſe haſt ſhar'd
Not that we ought, but good to thee bequeaue;
But grieu'd ſo ſoone, thy ſweet conſort to leaue.

And you ſad Ladies that are clad in blacke,
Beſt ſuting with thoſe weights, that Sorrow feeds,
Think what this WORTHY hath, & what you lack,
And you wil find your owne-caſe wants ſuch weeds.
For mortall you, in cares doe draw your breath,
Immortall he, needes none to waile his death.

FINIS.